

Shewing (Wenches skip,  
A young Farmer his unfortunate marriage, By physiognomy adviſeth young men that at  
His wife is ſo churlish & curriſh in carriage, To be ſure to look before that they leap,  
He married her for beauty, for ſown delight, To leap at a venture, & catch a fall,  
Now he repents it both day and night. Raising the forehead breaks horns and all.  
Tune of, Ragged, torn, and true.



**H**ey boys my Fathers dead,  
and what need I to fear,  
With gold and ſilver I am ſped,  
and have fifty pound a year:  
Then why ſhould I be ſingle,  
I will not lead the life;  
My gold and ſilver doth gingle,  
a wiving I'll go for a wife.  
Sure thrice happy am I  
if I obtain this Bride,  
There's none can her come nigh  
in all the whole world beſide.  
A dainty fine Laſs I know  
as ever England bred;  
Her ſkin is as white as ſnow  
and her hair of a Crimſon red:  
She lives but in our Town,  
ſhe is virtuous, chaſte, and wife,  
If I win her my ſown are crown'd  
beſides a matchleſs prize.  
Sure thrice happy &c.

He get her Fathers good will,  
and Mothers too beſide;  
Then next I'll try my ſkill  
to win this lovely Bride:  
I'll hug her and buſs her and kiſs her,  
in her legs all my pride:  
As Conventicle Dick ſerfed his liſter,  
and tother thing too beſide.  
Sure thrice happy &c.  
She hath two hundred pound to her portion  
and I a great deal of Land:  
Thus ſhall I come quick to promotion,  
for love I take her by the hand:  
But when I went to be married,  
I was in the height of my pride;  
Brave gallants on horſeback was carried,  
to accompany me and my Bride.  
Sure thrice happy am I  
that I have obtained this Bride,  
There's none can to her come nigh  
in all the whole world beſide.



We had a gallant brave wedding indeed, Then againſt her I took ſick,  
and delicate diſhes ſtoze, (biding, thinking ſhe durſt not come nigh,  
Whoſe were welcome which were of our With a cudgel my bones ſhe did lick,  
but little we minded the poe:  
We had both Sack and Canary, that for pardon I quickly did cry:  
and the Muſtick brabely did play, ſure thrice happy &c.  
Then I drank Sack and Sherry, She's grown ſo devilish curſt,  
I thought it would never be day: and in it ſhe takes a pride,  
Sure thrice happy &c. Makes nothing my head to buſt  
When I and my Bride was in bed, and bang my bones beſide:  
on my wedding-day at night, She makes me go to Plough,  
My fancies with pleaſures ſhe fed, ditch, hedge, and thraſh beſide,  
for I had my full delight: And Jack come ſerbe the Jow,  
She ſhewed me Venus Schoot, to this ſlavery I'm try'd.  
and with me ſhe did dabble, ſure thrice happy &c.  
But I a young pump ſow, I do get up in a morn,  
did quickly fall out of the ſaddle, and for her make a ſtre,  
Sure thrice happy &c. i'm a Cuckold and laught to ſcorn,  
But then on the morrow morn, a holly Crab pays my hire:  
and ſhe laughed me to ſcorn: Then her clothes ſhe gets on her,  
and made me drink out of a horn, Sugar-ſops muſt ready be,  
But when our wedding did ceaſe, And I ſoftly wait on her,  
and our brave banquets were done, with bowing on my knee:  
My joys did quickly decreaſe, ſure thrice happy &c.  
and my ſorrowes ſoon after begun, At dinner ſhe is ſtout,  
ſure thrice happy &c. that by her I muſt now ſtand,  
She told me ſhe would be Maſter, To wait with a Napkin on my arm,  
and all the whole houſhold guide, and a Trencher in my hand:  
I told her it gave diſaſter, Some deſire I may them pledge,  
ſhe ſaid it ſhould quickly be try'd: and ſhe is full of hate,  
If I kiſs not my hand and make a leg, ſhe lays me over the pate:  
ſure thrice happy &c.

Another thing troubles my head  
and grieves me worſe than this,  
When her Comrade is with her in bed  
I muſt reach her the pot to piſs:  
I muſt draw her a cup of long tippie  
if it be a cold froſty night,  
Or ſhe beats me as lame as a Criddle,  
and the Bulls pizel doth me fright.  
Sure thrice happy &c.  
She kicks me about the houſe  
and puts me in todily fears,  
I dare not lay dun is the Houſe,  
ſhe pinches me through the ears.  
She makes horns at me & doth ſlight me,  
and makes me a Jackanokes,  
She kicks me, ſhe pricks me and bites me  
and I ſal her devilish ſtrokes.  
Sure thrice happy &c.  
I wiſh young men hereafter  
be not too quick in wooing theſe wives,  
And beware of red-hair diſaſter,  
or repent it all days of their liſes:  
Chuſe a wench of a dark brown hair,  
and one of a middle ſize,  
Cole black will fill thee with care,  
and leſe others betwixt her thighs.  
Sure thrice happy am I  
if I obtain this Bride,  
There's none can her come nigh  
in all the whole World beſide.  
By Abraham Miles.

The pretty by-names this young woman hath for her Husband. A ſimple Simon, a Tom Nichols, Jack Adams, a Muddy-brain'd Cuckold, a Hopping Dick, a Nickindigo the Devils Turnſpit. Here follows his portion of Dyet for ſeveral days of the week, of a Monday, if he riſeth not betimes in the morning, inſtead of poſſet ſhe comes up with a Holly Crab, and pays him about in his Shirt; on Tueſdays ſhe bangs his back with a good Cudgel; on Wedneſdays ſhe kicks his breech, and lugs his Ears, inſtead of feeding him with Beef and Souce; on Thuſdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, ſhe pays his back with a Bulls pizle, till he cries, O good Wife, I will never do ſo no more.